

COL. STEPHENSON'S ARREST

**ACCUSED OF INTERFERING WITH A
GERRY SOCIETY AGENT**

The Connecticut Colonel Thought the Agent Was Maltreating a Boy Whom He Had Arrested and Went to the Lad's Rescue.

Policeman Thomas McCormick of the West Thirtieth street station arrested Col. William B. Stephenson, 45 years old, of Bridgeport, Conn., about 8:30 o'clock last night at Thirty-fourth street and Seventh avenue. The colonel

made on the complaint of Agent Frank Barkley of the Gerry Society, who charged him with interference with an officer of the society in the discharge of his duty.

When the party reached the station house, accompanied by F. W. Rennell of 35 Broadway, Col. Stephenson told his story in a highly excited manner. He said:

"Sergeant, I am not a drinking man; in fact, I have never taken enough to make me drunk at any time. Now, while I and my friend here [pointing to Mr. Rennell] were walking along

Barkley with his finger) dragging along a little boy, who was struggling and screaming at the top of his voice for his mother. I have a number of children of my own, Sergeant, and I am very fond of them; so I walked up to this man [pointing again to Barkley] and tried to make him release the child. Instead of doing so he called this officer and had me arrested. That is the reason about his being an agent of the Gerry society."

Agent Barker then told his story, saying that the boy, a child of about 7 years old, who was in the list, and was one of a large family of children living with their parents in a basement at 125 West 12th Street, had been taken away from him. He had told the parents several times that they must keep the boy off the streets at night, and a home when he found him selling papers in the hotel. Last night when he could catch the boy at the street, he had taken him to the Gerry society's rooms when Col. Stephenson interfered.

continued Barkley, "and when he still insisted on my releasing the child I called the policeman to my aid.

"The doctor's liar and ought to be taken before the Lexow committee!" roared Stephenson. "You're a liar. That's a fighting word and I was waiting for it."

The Colonel was quaking in some difficulty, and Mr. Rennell then told his story corroborating what Stephenson had said at first.

"I met Mr. Stephenson," said Mr. Rennell, "have been friends for a long while. He lives in Bridgeport and two years ago he received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Connecticut. He is a member of the bar by profession. He came down to this city to spend a few days, and is stopping at the Manhattan. He is a member, this evening here, and I want to be the first to

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DIED AT THE BERKELEY LYCEUM.

Miss Clarke Stricken With Heart Disease at the Strollers' Club Show.

Miss Mary H. Clarke of 86 Peimhan road, New Rochelle, a cousin of D. J. Steward of 10 Grumerypark, died while attending an entertainment given by the Strollers' Club, an amateur dramatic organization, at the Berkeley Lyceum last evening.

She was met at the Grand Central Station on her arrival from New Rochelle by her cousin and several friends, and they hurried to the Berkeley Lyceum for fear of being late.

When she took the stage, Miss Clara Clarke uttered a cry and fell forward. Women about her screamed and there was much excitement. The manager, Mr. J. J. Steward, called the manager's office. They subsequently quieted the audience by announcing that Miss Clarke was dead.

She was dead when Dr. Wells of 74 East Forty-fifth street, who was summoned, arrived. The performance went on after Miss Clarke's removal, but the audience talked of little else.

death had resulted, as it dispersed when the snow was over.

The body of Miss Clarke remained in the manager's office until midnight, when, a permit of removal having been obtained, it was taken to Mr. Steward's residence.

Miss Clarke was 34 years of age. She lived with a sister in New Rochelle and was wealthy. She was subject to heart disease to which her death was due.

MET HIS DOG IN BROADWAY.

Mr. F. McH. Kitching, who lives at New Brighton, Staten Island, has a valuable Scotch collie named Adair, which in the winter he sends away to board. At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Kitching, having put the dog in a big box and addressed the box to the Pennsylvania Square Kennels at Paltzdale, sent for an expressman. Then he boarded the ferryboat for this city and went to business. About 1 o'clock he was walking down Broadway, when near the corner of Wall street he saw a crowd of citizens and two policemen chasing a dog up Broadway.

"Well, I'm dinged," exclaimed one of the policemen. "We've chased that devil for two blocks and he couldn't get near him. How did you manage it?"

"How did I manage it?" replied Mr. Kitching. "Why, he's my dog. I should be able to get him."

The policeman didn't know, but an expressman came up and claimed the dog.

"He forced his way out of the box while I was in a store," he said.

Mr. Kitching took the dog back to the expressman.

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Wagon. The horse car was thrown from the track and one of the rear wheels knocked off.

Police. Inspecting the scene of the accident, Eighth avenue, who was standing on the front platform of the surface car, was thrown to the ground and injured on the left knee. No arrests were made.

Cable Car Runs Down an Express Wagon.

Cable car No. 202 of the Broadway line ran into an American Express wagon last night at the intersection of Broadway and Thirty-third street. William Jessup, the driver, was thrown from the wagon and injured. The horse was killed. The wagon and horse were both damaged. Jessup refused to make any statement and underwent medical attendance. No arrests were made.

Trolley Collision in Jersey City.

Trolley car No. 350 of the Court House line ran into William Nieldhard's express wagon at Newark avenue and Henderson street, Jersey City, last night. The horse was killed. Nieldhard was hurled to the ground and his shoulder dislocated. He was taken to his home, 168 Newark avenue, where Louis Jacobson, the undertaker, was arrested.